



The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER III.

DINNER AT THE PENSION.

As she speaks, one of those odd flashes, indistinct and fleeting, cross his mind. The Westons, the Westons—where has he heard of them? The name seems familiar. But, after a moment's struggle, Cyril, whose memory is terribly bad, and whose eventful career has served to blot out his earlier years from his mind, gives up as a bad job.

"I don't think I can remember, though I seem to have heard the name," he replies.

"Just so," says the old lady, with a resigned sigh; "we are forgotten. Yes, Mr. Payne, we have been living abroad for a very long time—as long as Edna can remember. Her father was a great student and a recluse, and shunned his fellow countrymen. Give him his books and leave him to his quiet, and always Edna, of course, and he was happy."

Cyril listened with an interest which was deeper than he had ever experienced before, with an interest that surprises him; he glances at the sweet, thoughtful face and feels quite uncomfortable at the sight of the one little tear that rolls slowly down her cheek. It may be safely asserted that it is the first woman's tear that has ever touched him.

"Edna," continues the old lady, "told you something of our mysterious return to England. I think—"

Cyril inclines his head respectfully. "She is but a child in the ways of the world," resumes the old lady, who for all her years is quite childishly unsuspicious and ingenuous.

"I ought not to have worried Mr. Payne—bored—that is the word, isn't it?"

"You did not bore me," says Cyril, earnestly, his brows as grave as a judge's. "Don't think that; if I could be of any service to you—"

"I thank you very much," says Aunt Martha, warmly, "but I do not think anyone can help us, excepting this Mr. Richard Burdon, and he will not do it—we cannot ask him until

the first of September. My brother was a strange man, very reserved; he knew a great number of well-born people in England; we are not lowly-born ourselves, Mr. Payne—"

"My dear aunt," breaks in Edna, blushing.

"My dear Edna, you are quite right. Mr. Payne need not be afraid I am going to give him the family pedigree. I merely say that there may be some strange history awaiting us concerning other persons as well as ourselves; well, well, I am an old gossip, Mr. Payne, with a legitimate secret to chatter about. Edna, have you any more cotton?—no, dear, I will fetch it myself; indeed, I have a letter or two to write."

Edna rises also, but glances at the lake below her wistfully. It is a shame to leave the open air—the grateful shade of the green arbor for the hot room. She looks at her aunt, and the old lady quite innocently says:

"Don't stay out after the tea bell has rung," and disappears.

Cyril, who has been stretched on wires for the last minute, heaves a sigh of relief and satisfaction as Edna sinks back into her seat. But Aunt Martha seems to have taken all the conversation with her, for there is a profound silence.

Now is the time, thinks Cyril, to make his confession, and, if possible, to gain forgiveness and condonation.

He looks up at her, it is scarcely necessary to say that he has got his long limbs into a comfortable position, almost reclining on the rustic seat. Cyril never sat upright in his life where it was at all possible to lie down. He looks at the pure face, so serene in its unsuspecting innocence, so full of that dignity which purity alone can give, and he hesitates.

He who hesitates is lost. Before he has time to form another resolution to be broken, voices make themselves heard close at the back, in another arbor, in fact, and Cyril puts off the confession to a more convenient season.

The newcomers are all of the male sex—that is evident, for if there had been a woman her voice would have been heard, and before a few minutes have passed, one voice, which Cyril recognizes as Mr. Howley Jones', is above the rest, and silences them.

"The garden seems a general rendezvous," says Cyril.

"Yes, it is pleasant here," replies Edna; "one can see the lake so plainly, and it is always beautiful. And it is shady; these arbors keep off the sun."

"Yes, they are sun-proof enough; it's a pity they are not sound-proof, also."

Edna looks up and smiles. "Ah, yes, one can hear very plainly."

"That is Mr. Howley Jones' voice, if I am not mistaken," says Cyril, interrogatively.

Edna listens a moment.

"Yes, that is Mr. Jones. He is rather fond of talking."

"So it seems," says Cyril. "I never could understand what fellows who are given to chattering have to talk about."

"Their experiences, perhaps," says Edna; "most people have some more or less varied. Mr. Jones is recounting some of his now."

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"I don't doubt it," acquiesces Cyril. "May I light another cigar?"

Edna inclines her head, and he strikes a light. As he does so, Mr. Jones' voice, complacently confidential, comes distinctly through the leaves, and a word or name, falling on Cyril's ears, causes him to raise his head, and almost drop the match; not quite, however, for Cyril has admirable command over his emotions, and is seldom guilty of revealing them.

He lights his cigar, leans back into his old attitude of repose, and listens. Edna listens, too—there is nothing else to be done, and there is no eavesdropping in it, for Mr. Jones is only too grateful at all times for an attentive audience; and that he has an attentive audience now is only too palpable, his listeners are profoundly and interestedly silent.

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED

"KNOW, Sir Cyril More!" Mr. Jones is saying, "I should rather think I did! Why, Cyril and I are old chums. We are never apart when I'm in town. I wish he was here now, dear old fellow!"

Cyril leans his head upon his arm and looks languidly toward the back of the arbor.

"Mr. Jones seems blessed with a very affectionate nature," he murmurs; "remembers his old friends even in distant climes."

Edna smiles, but does not make any remark, perhaps because she is interested in Mr. Jones' reminiscences. Cyril fancies that she is listening, if reluctantly, rather intently, as he leans back and watches her.

"Yes," continued Mr. Jones, "Cyril and I are great chums, poor fellow!"

"What's the matter with him?" asks one of the audience, with the true British curiosity and interest in a member of the aristocracy.

"What! don't you know?" retorts the admirable Howley, as if he were recounting the misfortunes of a brother. "I thought everybody knew about Cyril More; he's gone completely to the dogs! com—pletely run down! Why, it's the talk of the town; for, you see, Cyril More is as well known as—Nelson's monument, and when a man like that goes to pieces there's a stir."

"Ah!" murmurs some one, with a puff at a cigar. "What was the cause of it?"

"Oh, the usual thing," replies Mr. Jones. "Nobody has gone such a pace as Cyril More—everybody knew how it would end. No fortune could stand it, however big, and his was almost as large as any man's. I always knew how it would be, I could see from the first. Why, I remember two years ago, when we were yachting together in the Mediterranean—"

Cyril shifts his position, and remarks that it is very warm; but Edna does not reply.

"I said to him as we were walking up and down the deck one night after supper: 'Cyril, old boy! take my advice and put the curb on, stop the running blif, do, there's a dear fel-

low, for my sake!' And he promised he would. Oh, yes, he was always good at promising, but I knew how it would be. He'd have pulled up short to please me if he'd do it for anyone, for I flatter myself I've got more influence with him than any other creature on the face of the earth; but you see it wasn't in him. He must go while he could keep on his legs."

There is a sapient murmur of concurrence, and Mr. Jones, thus encouraged, runs on glibly:

"Yes, it was a complete smash, and everything has gone. It wouldn't have been so bad, but Glitters—"

"Who is Glitters?" asked the same anxious inquirer into the manners and customs of the aristocracy.

"Oh, come!" exclaims Mr. Jones, banteringly. "Not know Glitters! Why, she's the best known personage in London, and has ruined more good fellows than you can count on your ten fingers. Not know Glitters, by Jove!"

"And this Glitters, she helped to ruin your friend?"

"Yes," says Mr. Jones, with a regretful sigh; "she was, at the bottom of it. I've known him to give her ten thousands pounds worth of diamonds in one week."

Cyril raises his head, knocks the ash off his cigar, and looks at Edna with a curious scrutiny. He need have no fear—she is innocence itself, and Mr. Jones' story, Glitters, diamonds and all, conveys no adequate meaning to her; she is simply puzzled, and looks out dreamily toward the lake.

"Yes, diamonds, carriages, horses, everything that she could secure she got," continues Mr. Jones, "and poor old Cyril is left without a cent in the world."

"But," says the interested listener, "surely his friends did—"

(To be Continued.)

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JUSTICE EXTENDED.

PARIS, Jan. 17. (A.P.)—The German armistice extended one month by the terms of the new agreement. The clause by the Allies concerning the implementation of Russian war, naval conditions, restitution of material stolen by Germans from invaded countries, signed by the enemy.

LIST LEADERS KILLED.

BERLIN, Jan. 17. It became known yesterday that Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, who have concluded the armistice at Treves. The clause by the Allies concerning the implementation of Russian war, naval conditions, restitution of material stolen by Germans from invaded countries, signed by the enemy.

PARIS, Jan. 17.

Clemenceau spoke this morning in the Chamber of Deputies. He decided to keep the Peace Conference secret. He was interrupted by several deputies, and had asked questions of his questions be asked. When he said, "We have found a final form in which the Peace Conference will be made, but in a general principle of publicity has been favored," he was interrupted by M. Clemenceau. "I have the Premier rejoined. I should like to keep the secret, but so that it may be made such and such a promise which had been fought by such other governments, we must be in thinking that that preliminary conversation must at all costs arrive at agreement so that there shall be no front at the general discussion. We were to form a League of Nations, writing phrases is insufficient. There must be a prevailing principle which will ensure the life of the League of Nations. We would finish this war by a full and complete of the civilized nations for the ideal of a better human-

THE NEWSPAPERS.

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